I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier

Lyrics by Alfred Bryan
Music by Al Piantadosi
Respectfully dedicated to Every Mother—Everywhere

I Didn’t Raise My Boy To Be A Soldier

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN

by the Writers of
“Good Luck, Mary”

Music by
AL. PIANZADOSI

Marziale

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million mothers' hearts must break For the ones who died in vain.
cared to call her own.

Head bowed down in sorrow In her lonely years, I
Let each mother answer In the years to be, Re-

heard a mother murmur thro' her tears:
member that my boy belongs to me!

I Didn't Raise My Boy
3190-4
CHORUS

"I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier,
I brought him up to be my pride and joy.
Who dares to place a musket on his shoulder?
Has not a mother's love been long ago?

Let on-ly teach him how to do it well.
nation armies arbitrate their future troubles,

If the people want an education

It's time to lay the sword and gun away.

There's a place that is just like paradise

be no war to-day.

If mothers all would say, "I

I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier."

I dier.

Wistern Mary land!"